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WENDELL PHILLIPS, *Special Editorial Contributor.*

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NOTES FROM VIRGINIA.

BY REV. CALVIN FAIRBANK.

RICHMOND, Va., January, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

NORFOLK.

My visit at Norfolk afforded me the evidence of a disposition upon the part of the privileged class to resist the Government of the U. S. whenever they can feel sure of men, brains and money to enable them to strike successfully; but to submit from sheer necessity. Business, though some revived, is yet dull and uncertain for want of reconstruction which is far in the future upon the new Constitution which if accepted by Congress, will be rejected by the people.

The old inhabitants pass haughtily by the freedmen and their whole race, as well as the Northern men and women permanently settled among them, or temporarily as teachers, with few exceptions as if they did not exist. Sometimes, if circumstances throw them together, they assure the freed people, "we are your best friends," but never enter the schools, or in any other way show the least disposition to alleviate any of their sufferings which are now very great.

Fully one-half of the women, I think, who are over twenty years of age wear the badge of mourning: clothed completely in black. I have stood in the door of No. 5 Freemason street, and counted ten women within the square, passing on the sidewalks at once, clothed entirely in black.

There are a good many Northern men and women now giving life to business, and a healthier tone to the public morals of the place. The several institutions there projected and carried forward by Northern brains and capital attract the attention, and force often the silent admiration of the enquiring but sullen F. F. V., while some draw exclusively up, and refuse to witness the progress of civilization upon any Northern plan.

The various exhibitions, concerts, etc., which I witnessed were attractive and entirely successful, which many Virginians witnessed with fits of admiration and contempt alternately. Rev. Mr. Crane's Seaman's Bethel concert, of poor white children was crowded, and though successful, quite inferior to those of the colored children.

HAMPTON.

This is the village about three miles by the road from Old Point, or Fortress Monroe, which Gen. Magruder burned; and is now built up of mostly small dwellings, and contains about 2,000 people of color, and perhaps 500 whites.

There is a good degree of courage and enterprise here which promises well under the leadership of Dr. Harris, lately Bureau physician, and a very efficient leader. Dr. H—— claims African blood; was, in 1865, from Cleveland, Ohio, but is now settled at Hampton, and stands as the candidate for the State Senate, whenever they get a Senate.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL.

This is an Institution of the American Missionary Association, situated on their own land at the South-east end of the village, and on the shore of Hampton Roads. The farm contains several hundred acres, cost about $18,000 and yielded last year from a very few acres a very large profit in vegetables.

It is cultivated entirely by the students who earn their board with their own hands.

But young women do the work of the house, cook, clean, etc., and do the washing, ironing and making and mending for the young men. For this, the making, they need a sewing machine. They want a Florence machine, and ask me to petition that company for one. I hope if this falls under the eye of that company they will at once send one to care of Miss E. P. Breck, who is a citizen of Northampton, Mass.

The two Miss Williams of Deerfield, Mass., are associated with Miss B——, in the school, who all together are carrying it to complete success, under the superintendence of Gen. Armstrong, a young and efficient officer.

I attended an afternoon's exercises which exhibited even rare ability upon the part of both the young men and women.

UP THE JAMES.

All along the James, up as high as where the river narrows down from eight miles wide to one mile, or one half, rifle pits, breast works and forticications show how determined the Virginians—the Confederates were to win or "*die in the last ditch;*" and the ruins here at City Point how successful was the United States Army, as still shown in the burned wharf, the demolished works, and the "*white-washed* loyalty of the white inhabitants.

Butler's canal is still open and will ever be. From the bend in the river below it is clear that, without a longer canal carrying the mouth further down, so as to meet the river at a more acute angle it would always have formed a bar that would have obstructed a passage.

RICHMOND

is haughty, hateful, devilish, disloyal, but "*white-washed.*"

LOYALTY

here is *not* "*doggeral-cheap,*" as is said of talent in Methodist camp-meetings.

It is like gold in Richmond under Jeff Davis' reign. There is but very little here outside the teachers, and they want sifting to find it. In speaking of loyalty among Virginians, I mean of loyalty to the flag; but in speaking of United States officers, Northern men and women, whether teachers or others, I expect their loyalty will go further than a recognition of the flag, and not stop to prepare side-seats for this much abused people, for fear of identity with them.

I am informed that a young woman of learning, ability, and of sterling moral worth, has suffered in this direction by one who ought, and would if he were in Massachusetts, be ashamed of such conduct.

I think such men and women are doing much to keep up the element of caste that already exists in a barbarous degree with the whites, and is immitated by their mixed relations.

Many of the teachers are thus guilty of catering to the corrupt sentiment prevalent here to please Virginia taste the white and mixed blood, where there is as much caste as with the F. F. V. race who are ashamed to own them as their own children.

Officers of the army—Gen. Stoneman, and his subalterns—officers of the Bureau—all recognize a white man's government, white schools, white heaven and white hell, I suppose; for it would be an outrage to mix black and white devils together. Is it any wonder, then, that out of 700 white loyalists but 12 votes could be polled? and that the great number of loyal negroes either refuse to vote, or vote on the side of power, prestige, display, pride, money? White and black come to admire and obey the power that crushes them.

The teachers representing the New England Freedman's Aid Society *live* in Clay street, and some of them in other quarters of the city are excellent examples of integrity. But, I *must* say, *there is* a dangerous, infidel, cowardly, inhuman catering to caste for fear, I think, of offending either the Va. sentiment, or their own, by some of the teachers, Northern preachers of the M. E. Church North, officers of the Government, some of whom came to their positions by the aid and influence of the colored people here and elsewhere, supported by earnest men and women who have suffered their share of obloquy and privation for daring to recognize the African race as made in the *image* of God.

Its effect is the production of suspicion and distrust that must impede the measure of civilization among this people by discouraging laudible efforts at improvement. There is, beside this exhibition of moral disloyalty by Northern people, a steady, stubborn, studied disloyalty among Virginians whenever the National arm is out of sight. A boy is fined for riding at a gallop on Sunday, a poor white man condemned to die for horse stealing, (released by Underwood) a man of color condemned to prison for defending himself (released likewise) and Sally Anderson condemned to die upon little or no testimony by a court machinery disqualified by law. But she also was discharged.

THE BUREAU.

This Department, I learn, has closed all its work in all the States, except the schools in Virginia, Mississipi, and Texas. It leaves, in Norfolk, Richmond and elsewhere, thousands of poor, helpless sufferers.

I think the Bureau plan was a great mistake upon the part of the government in simply providing rations and clothing, without giving employment to nearly all the destitute, who have been, in my opinion, a needless expense to the nation, and in supplying persons who were actually independent in land and other means with a little exertion on their part, while it left many modest, poor women without comfortable subsistence.

If the government had established something like the industrial schools conducted here under the New England Freedmen's Aid Society, and now so well managed by Miss Harriet Castor of Birmingham, Mass., and others, employing white and black alike and cultivating indolence in none, but industry in all, and teaching them to labor, they would have avoided first, impostures, second, vagrancy, third, expenses, and fourth, the helplessness and degradation now that the Bureau is suspended, in that direction.

Now, thousands are thrown upon the cold mercy of a people unused to mercy, and *must* suffer beyond description.

RECONSTRUCTION,

and therefore prosperity, I think is far in the future. It is uncertain. Rebels are determined to resist any constitution that will afford "equality before the law," and so are proceeding upon the old Virginia law basis in civil and criminal courts where they can feel free from the arm of government which is very indefinite here, except, perhaps as shown by Judge Underwood. It is milk and water; or worse.

The capitalist has the poor white and black in his fist, who can't see their children in perishing want. And mixed blooded negroes throw their influence with their enemies to save their barber-shops and popularity. Gen. Stoneman wears the huzzar jacket, and sees only a white man's government. What will Grant do for the protection of this people? CALVIN FAIRBANKS.

CONSTITUTIONAL LAW.

LETTER FROM M. H. WALWORTH.

MONTICELLO, Iowa, Jan., 1869.

To the Editor of The Standard:

While important questions are awaiting decision by the Supreme Court, permit me to present some very unofficial views on the subject of constitutional law.

No Government can give written expression to all the principles that go to form its fundamental law. Our constitutional law is broader than can be included in any written document. Government itself is product of principles and experiences that are evolved in the course of a nation's history. It is a thing of growth more than of artificial construction.

No Government can be to-day what it was a century ago, or what it will be a century to come. If then a Government needs a constitutional basis at all, it follows that with the development of that Government there must be a corresponding development of its fundamental law, or constitution. The changes both of constitutional and statute laws must depend upon the exigencies of the time, and sometimes quick and decisive measures are required; then we must *find* law and not stop to make it. The interests and motions of men may and sometimes do so combine as to present a condition of facts altogether anomalous; facts they may be that threaten or damage the peace of society, neither the facts nor the appropriate law for them do we find anywhere laid down on the chart of our past experience. What then shall we do?

Find the *principle* out of which to derive a law; indeed, the law is already there; it only wants to be breathed upon, and henceforth becomes a living law. Such is the character of all constitutional law; it *exists* in principles, not made at all, but only found.

It has happened in our recent history that this Government has been required to exercise powers and make laws to meet contingencies which never before arose, and which statesmen had failed to anticipate. The proper constitutional guarantee for such laws is, therefore, doubted, and the Judges of the Supreme Court even are troubled in view of the dilemma; our safety and our remedy, it seems to me in such cases, lies in the recognition of the fact that the constitutional law of a Government, necessarily consists in and embraces all those principles expressed or otherwise, which are found to be vital in their relations to the Government in its completest form, and in pursuance of its truest aims. It requires only far reaching wisdom and lofty patriotism to discern in proper time what those principles are, and make use of them according to need. Taking this view of the nature and scope of our constitutional law, we rise above all those hair-splitting technicalities and vulgar quibblings that have furnished shelter for treason and treachery during and since the war. We are also led out of difficulties which embarrass honest men. Uniform and impartial suffrage in all the States, and the equality of all men before the law are matters forced to the surface by the very logic of the constitution itself without further change, and demand legislation immediate and direct for their establishment and protection. The solution of our financial problem, including the question of the constitutionality of the legal-tender act, and other measures on the same subject, would be rendered comparatively easy. I must not turn back upon the momentous questions that during the war could not be decided by reason of constitutional doubt, till the opposing doubt had to be weighed down by many thousand human lives. Such instances, numbered by the score, gave us years of protracted and unnecessary war. Witness the emancipation proclamation, men could only see in it unconstitutionality! while it was the only possible instrument given under heaven whereby the great constitutional cancer could be removed, which had been the cause of all our woes. We dared not apply the knife because knives had been known to kill.

The *necessity* that God imposed upon us to proclaim emancipation was not seen; the *necessity* imposed by the fundamental principles of our Government, asserting their right to live was not seen; the necessity that the forfeited rights of rebels in arms had thrown in our path, was all unseen. But at length came *military necessity.* What poverty, what *weakness,* what humiliation, what lack of every moral element lies here! O, how I mourn that those two mean words stand written where they are in our history! But in this article, my object is simply to give my view of the office and scope of constitutional law.

M. H. WALWORTH.

SUFFRAGE IN WISCONSIN.

LETTER FROM E. M. MACGRAW.

PLYMOUTH, Wis., Feb. 2d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I read in the address of the Colored Men's Border State Convention, published in your issue of the 30th ult., the following: "To-day colored men are voting on equal terms with white men in Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, and Rhode Island of the New England States; in Iowa and Minnesota of the Western States; and in Tennessee, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississipi, Texas, Louisiana and Arkansas in the Southern States. They are voters, also, in the District of Columbia and some of the Territories. New York, of the Middle States, gives a vote to each colored man worth $250.00 in real estate; Ohio, of the Western States, notwithstanding her 'visible admixture bill' allows a vote to men having fifty-one hundredths of so-called white blood in their veins, or who are more than half white, and a few colored men have voted in Michigan and Wisconsin by sufference rather than by enactment; while in Connecticut of the New England States, and in Indiana, Michigan, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, Kansas and other States of the West, colored men, as such, are not, by law, permitted to vote at all."

This statement, so far as Wisconsin is concerned, is incorrect and does us some injustice, which, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will permit me to present properly before your readers.

The Constitution of our State, formed and adopted in the year 1848, excludes negroes from the list of qualified voters, but provides "that the legislature may, at any time, extend by law, the right of suffrage to persons not herein enumerated; but no such law shall be in force until the same shall have been submitted to a vote of the people at a general election, and approved by a majority of all the votes cast at such election."

At the session of our Legislature in the year 849, such a law was proposed and submitted to a vote of the people at the general election held in the month of November of the same year.

At that election a decided majority of all the votes cast on that subject was in favor of the extension of suffrage to male persons of color over twenty-one years of age, and the radicals of that day rejoiced in the triumph of pure Republican principles. Quite unexpectedly to the friends of equality, however, the Democratic Board of State canvassers, with some show of right decided that the question was lost, inasmuch as there was not a majority of *all the votes cast at the election* upon any subject, or for any officer, in favor of the extension.

This decision was indignantly opposed by the liberal element of the people, but as the whole political and judicial power of the State were in the hands of the restrictionists, there was nothing left but to submit.

Just previously to this, the Whig party, which *pretended* to be in favor of excluding slavery from the territories, had elected Gen. Taylor (the owner of three hundred slaves) to the Presidency, very much in the same blind way the Republicans have Gen. Grant, without knowing anything about his views or opinions. In December of 1849 he sent his first and last message to Congress, recommending a plan for the admission of new States which provided that no governments at all be formed by Congress for territories, but permitting the people to form such territorial governments as they pleased and, when they were ready to apply for admission, to take them in provided their governments were Republican. As slave States were considered Republican at that time, it took very little discernment to see that this would result in slave codes in the territories and the admission of as many slave States as chose to apply. Notwithstanding, the Whig press and Whig party generally hailed "the President's plan" as the perfection of human wisdom, and the President himself was looked upon as "a Daniel come to judgment."

Then commenced that long dreary term of proslavery reaction, and in which the Whig and Democratic parties vied with each other in their truckling to the slave power, and though the question of suffrage extension was repeatedly submitted to the people, it never again received a majority of the votes cast, even on that subject. It was last voted on in 1864, when Mr. Lincoln's opinions were authority on all subjects with his friends, and his words were quoted in opposition to negroes either voting or sitting on juries, and the measure was badly beaten. During all those dark days, however, it was argued by the opponents of caste that negroes were legal voters, and that the decision of the board of canvassers of 1849 was unjust.

At the general election of 1864—I think that was the year—several negroes, in different parts of the State, claimed the rights of citizens and offered their votes at the polls, and were refused. For this wrong they brought suits against the Boards of Election, and the cases were taken to the Supreme Court of the State, when a decision was obtained in favor of the plaintiff, in the first suit, and the election of 1849 was declared to have resulted in favor of the extension of suffrage to male colored persons of African descent over twenty-one years of age. Since that decision, over two years ago, not "a few" but *all* the colored men of the State have voted as freely as their white neighbors, and no question has been raised, so far as I ever heard, of the perfect legality and justice of the decision of the court.

Thus you see, Mr. Editor, that instead of what the address states; that in "Wisconsin, Kansas and other States of the West, colored persons are not by law, permitted to vote at all;" in Wisconsin, at least, they are not only permitted by law to vote, but they are so permitted by a law that cannot be repealed, save by an alteration of the Constitution, for, while that instrument gives authority to the legislature and the people to *extend* the right of franchise, it gives no power to *restrict* it.

In justice to the rabble, here let me add that colored people not only vote by law in Wisconsin, but they are permitted to vote peacefully and freely, and I have never heard of a case of insult offered to them by the most drunken white vagabond attending the polls! There may have been such cases in other parts of the State, but I never heard of them.

In the city of Fond-du-Lac, where I have resided principally since colored people have become voters they cast, perhaps, forty votes, and they always come to the polls well dressed and sober, vote their ticket and go about their business.

They formed themselves into a tanners' club during the last canvass in that city, and were always in procession with their white comrades, and were *always* orderly and discreet. They voted in a body for Gen. Grant—that is, they all voted for him, which was, perhaps, wise, though his reply to the committee of the Colored Men's National Convention is sufficient, it appears to me, to convince the committee and all others, that he has no idea of the colored people having any *natural* rights—only such "protection as the laws give them."

He seems not to have dreamed that they have *all* the rights which he has, but that they have, hitherto, been deprived of those rights, and still are to a great extent by the Government, and that it will become his duty, not only to endeavor to secure to them the protection "which the laws give them," but to recommend and take the lead in getting such measures passed through Congress as will secure to them, not only the protection human laws give them, but, also, all their inherent rights given them by our Common Father. But I find I am criticising Gen. Grant's reply to the colored committee, which I did not intend to do at the start, and will cease, for only Wendell Phillips can do justice to that wet blanket, conservative document. Yours,

E. M. MACGRAW.

PROGRESS IN NORTH CAROLINA.

LETTER FROM WILMINGTON.

[The following is from the pen of one who in 1859 was a fugitive slave, and a Union soldier during the war.—Ed.]

WILMINGTON, N. C., Jan. 30th, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

If I tell you that we had a debate before the "Wilmington Lyceum" (colored) on the subject, "Ought Women have the Right to Vote," will you doubt for a moment that progress is sowing seed in the old North State?

Yes, the people of Wilmington, (hot bed of secessionism in the State) actually witnessed a scene such as I spoke of above. Well we can't help it, the live "Yankee" school teachers and the philanthropists of the North are working wonderful things among our people, all from Reconstruction, all from Yankee rule. These Yankees are even so bold as to attend these discussions and they take part in them. Why even Gen. Allen Rutherford, a New Yorker, who ought to be full of prejudice, took the negative on the question of woman's right to vote. Well we hardly know what to make of these things, they are wonderful; they are very strange to us who least expected them.

The sympathies of our colored people in favor of Woman's Suffrage are duly increasing from the fact that, where Pomeroy, Wilson, and that class leads, they follow.

The lecture season here among the colored people was opened by Mr. Geo. M. Arnold, in the first Presbyterian Church, last Monday. Subject—The Colored Soldier in the Federal Cause—The Result!

The house was crammed, and the majority thereof were Southern whites who, while they had no particular liking for the subject, came as a compliment to the speaker, who is a well-known politician here, a very fluent speaker, and a brave Union soldier in time of war, whose course as a leader has made him friends untold. The lecture was a careful survey of the heroic and daring deeds of our colored soldiers, the hardships and oppositions they encountered, and the final triumph.

To-day the sun shines as if it were May, the air is soft and balmy, we are in a healthy condition, every thing is quiet, and our cause prospering, thank God.

OLD GUARD.

THE MISSISSIPPI M. E. CONFERENCE.

At a meeting of the Mississippi Methodist Episcopal Conference, which convened at Jackson, Miss. on the 7th ult., the following report on the state of the country, presented by the Rev. James Lynch, formerly of Philadelphia, was discussed, and afterward adopted:

"We feel grateful to God that the last great National decision is a foundation for hope that peace and prosperity will soon warm into growth those elements which make individuals, societies, and commonwealths happy. We deeply deplore sectionalism and caste prejudice against men on account of the color of their skin or the place of their birth, and verily believe that God's controversy with the Nation will not close before this prejudice ceases to exert controlling influence. Our great National sin has been, and to a large extent now is, the proscription and degrading of colored men because they are colored. This violation of one of the fundamental principles of Christianity has never yet been met by the Church with Christian bravery; but God has met it in the events of His Providence, and under the influence of these events we firmly believe that before the close of another decade, no man's privileges will be determined by the color of his skin, but that in Church and State, however dark the skin, he will be treated as a man and a brother.

"We recommend our ministers to give their sole attention, as a calling, to the salvation of sinners; no man can be an efficient minister whose attention is diverted by other callings; but when the liberties of the people and their rights are imperilled, fly to the rescue, and let your voices be heard in defence of the rights bequeathed to us by the Declaration of Independence."

The Conference adopted a very good report on the subject of education, and measures will be taken to increase the number of schools. The Rev. Mr. Lynch, in a private letter we have received from him, says:

"We have had hard rowing here to reconstruct the Church as well as the State, but are now hopeful of success in both."

THE AMENDMENT AND REPUBLICANS.

PHILADELPHIA, 921 Shippen street, February 1st, 1869.

A. M. POWELL, Esq.—My Dear Sir:—In his speech on the proposed Constitutional Amendment last week, Gov. Boutwell assumed that there are but twenty-five State Legislatures which can be counted on as Republican. But, (as stated in the enclosed slip from *Forney's Press*), there are, I think, twenty-nine State Legislatures which can be set down as surely Republican.

This fact ought to be kept before the people, so that all may know and see that the full responsibility of the success or failure of the proposed Amendment rests entirely upon the Republican party. I think too that the full sweep of argumentation and influence ought to be brought to bear upon the Republican party, to keep them up to the line of duty, until this all-important measure of impartial suffrage is engrafted into our organic law. I trust indeed that you editors who stand on the watch-towers of freedom will use with an unsparing hand the severest things of the press as well as "dulcet argument," to keep the Republican line from wavering, now when we are the eve of victory. E. C. BASSETT.

PROTECTION OF SOUTHERN LOYALISTS.

To the Editor of the Standard:

BOSTON, February 8th, 1869.

Though constitutionally and lawfully there is no slavery in the United States, yet it is not a practical fact. The law of the land demands, and inexorable justice demands, the protection of the late slaves and other loyal men at the South, who have advocated the cause of freedom and of justice. Yet they have been shot down by thousands, for no offence except loyalty; and few, if any efforts have been made by the proper authorities to bring the perpetrators to justice. A terrible responsibility rests somewhere among this people, and it becomes us all to inquire with earnest solicitude, without fear or favor, where the guilt lies; for God will surely avenge that innocent, suffering, persecuted murdered class. Let the case be presented in its true light. You published an article in The Standard of December 5th, 1868, "Translated from *The Boston Pioneer,*" headed "Blood on the White House," in which I understood the writer to represent that Gen. Grant had violated his obligations, by which he was bound to prevent, and had power to prevent, the murders alluded to above. You also published an article from Charles E. Moss, headed "Gen. Grant and Impeachment," in The Standard of January 16th, 1869, in which he ascribes the failure of Impeachment to Gen. Grant and his special friends, more than any others, for the sake of saving the Republican party in their election. I do not hesitate to say that, if these things are true, Gen. Grant is responsible for the cruel murders of the loyal men of the South. I also feel bound to say further, that, if these things are true, the Republican party who elected Gen. Grant to the Presidency, so far as they voted understandingly, have thereby assumed the awful responsibility. I had previously imbibed similar views to those of *The Pioneer,* derived from other sources, and therefore, having also other objections to Gen. Grant, could not conscientiously vote for him.

JAMES WESTON.

AFFAIRS IN VIRGINIA.

We extract the following from a letter from a trustworthy correspondent, whose name, for prudential reasons we withhold:

HEATHVILLE, Va., February 7th, 1869.

Aaron M. Powell, Dear Sir: The whites of the South are not the only true friends of the colored race as they have claimed. There is a man by the name of Shelton living in Lancaster County, who permitted nine colored families to come and reside on his land without making contracts.

After they had all moved, he called them together and told them they must pay from two dollars fifty cents to three dollars fifty cents per month for a log cabin, and from one half acre to one acre and a half of land, the rent being equal to the value of house and land yearly. They must hold themselves in readiness to work for him at any time he needed them, whether one hour, two hours, half a day, or a whole day, just as he wanted them. If they farmed any more land than the small lots about each house, that he would have three men to examine the land and say what the land would produce, and the landlord was to have one quarter of the estimated produce at the end of the year whether raised or not. If they failed to pay the rent monthly, and every month, the contract was to be void and of non effect. If there was to be a political meeting, *if not against his interest* he would permit them to go upon asking for liberty, *but the Union league they were not to attend on any terms.* One signed the contract, three staid at home, and five were at the recent meeting I attended. The colored men came to me for advice, I being the only white man present. I could not give them any advice, being a stranger in that county, I did not know of any place where they could get shelter for their wives and little ones. I hear they are all warned off the land, except the one that signed the contract. Where they will find shelter is more than I can tell.

There was a circumstance happened at Lancaster Court, a short time ago, that shows the spirit of these unreconstructed rebels. There had been a difficulty between the parties engaged in the affair. A colored man called for oysters at a public stand, and immediately after a white man called for oysters at the same stand. The colored man having called first was first served. The white man commenced swearing that the negro was helped first. One word brought on another, the white man drew his pistol, fired at the colored man. Of course he not being armed ran away, and without being hurt. Two colored men were knocked down and beaten, and the trouble ended without further harm being done, one rebel crying out "shoot him, your God is not here to-day," alluding to the officers of the Freedmen's Bureau. All this happened in a county where the colored vote is near three hundred more than the white vote.

HEATHVILLE.

KENTUCKY.

LETTER FROM A FREEDMAN.

To the Editor of The Tribune:

Sir: You will perhaps be astonished by receiving this from a colored man. I have been a slave, and all I know I have learned since I have been a free man. I know that you have been the ever true friend of the colored man; I know that you were his friend when he was bound in the shackles of Slavery, and when there was no chance of making him a machine to draw money from the Treasury of the United States. You must excuse me for the expression that the colored man has lately found friends in strange places. He has found men who, but five short years ago, could tie him up to a post and give him a hundred lashes, cut his back until the blood streamed from it, and think nothing of it, but who are now the professed friends of the colored race. Who can blame the colored man if he looks upon the carpet-bagger with more favor than the man whose hands have scarcely grown cold from the use of the whip on our backs. We have had another hanging affair. There is an old tree in the Court-House yard that has been the means of sending two souls to eternity. Two colored men have been hanged on that tree at different periods for the same alleged cause, namely rape; hanged by a mob, and hanged innocently, as sure as there is a Heaven. One was hanged on last Wendnesday; the other two years ago. Are we to have no guarantee against being taken from our humble homes and swung up to gratify the clamoring of a mob, whose aim is now "to be down on the nigger, rob him, hang him, and persecute him in all manner of ways." Let us here say, the true Rebel soldier, with very few exceptions, treats us well. We must have more protection. We cannot appear as witnesses before the State Courts. If a man was to come to my house, murder my wife and daughter, and knock the brains out of my little babe, I could not appear against him, though the deed was committed under my very nose. The Bureau being removed, leaves us in a manner without any redress whatever. We respectfully call the attention of Congress to these facts, and ask them to give some shape of protection. We have all been soldiers, and many of us now sleep under the sod for that very fact.

I can give you the names of 24 colored men who have been murdered in Duress County in the last four years, and in only one instance have the parties who committed the murder been brought to justice. That case was when Wm. Bell shot a colored man for fun, and was arrested by the Bureau officer on duty here, and held in the military prison at Louisville, Ky. The schools of this county are all flourishing, thanks to the Bureau for the interest they have taken in the education of the colored children.

COLORED SOLDIER.

QUEENSBORO, Duress Co., Ky, Feb. 4, 1869.

PEONAGE AND SLAVERY IN NEW MEXICO.

Capt. Pratt, United States Marshal for New Mexico, is in the city. He states that great difficulty has been found in breaking up the Mexican practice of peonage and Indian Slavery, all owing to the poverty and ignorance of the victims; to the isolated situation of the villages and ranches of rich Mexicans, where it mostly prevailed, and to the fact that the Second Controller has decided that no fees can be paid civil officers for services under the act abolishing the system. As the holding of United States Commissioners' Courts and the journeys of Marshals and deputies involve considerable expense, and they must be done if the system is to be destroyed at all, in every county or Territory, it can be seen that such decision seriously hampers all efforts. Journeys of 200 and 300 miles would have to be frequently taken. The great need is, however, the existence of machinery like the Freedmen's Bureau, to enable peons to live, or aid them in their efforts for independence. They are so wretchedly poor, and all employment, etc., so completely controlled by those who have held them for debt, that as soon as United States officers leave the locality, they relapse into virtual bondage again. In Taos County alone, from 300 to 400 persons were relieved of this servitude. It is believed that over 3,000 persons are still held in some sort of bondage.—*Was. Cor. N. Y. Tribune.*

THE RIGHT OF SUFFRAGE.

EXTRACT OF A SPEECH BY HON GEORGE S. BOUTWELL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

Delivered in the House of Representatives, January 23d, 1869.

Mr. Boutwell.—I suppose they may. Mr. Speaker, there is a special duty which we owe to these black people. There is a special duty which we owe to the white people of the South. To-day the blacks in the South are laboring under special disadvantages due to the circumstance that in Ohio and in other States of the North their kindred are not allowed to vote. When we shall have established universal manhood suffrage for the whole country we shall have given the black people in the South a position in the affairs of their respective States which they cannot command while their race is the subject of an unjust discrimination in other States of the Union. This question goes home as well to the white people of the South. Many of this class have been before a committee of this House asking for the removal of their political disabilities. I, for one, am not influenced by any resentment, by any malice, by any desire conceivable to myself, to delay for one moment their restoration to all the rights they formerly enjoyed. But, sir, I do not see how this House or this country can consent to relieve these men from their disabilities while those with whom they associate, and for whose conduct they are in some degree responsible, are oppressing our friends, the loyal men of the South.

Whenever we do justice to the black man in the North we improve his position, his capacity to take care of himself in the South. I know very well, from personal interviews with conservative men of the South, that to-day they are influenced in their opposition to negro suffrage by the fact that negro suffrage is not established in the old free States of the Union. The measures before us are a part of the great work of harmonizing the country, of pacifying all classes, of reconciling all interests.

Mr. Speaker, the Republican party must abide the judgment of posterity upon what it has done, but it must still move forward and consummate the great work it has undertaken. We need only courage, a fixed purpose to be just, with economy

and honesty in administration. If, to preserve our power in the country, we are unjust we shall become timid. "Conscience doth make cowards of us all," and, becoming timid, the people will abandon us. Justice, honesty, economy, power on one side; injustice, timidity, ruin on the other.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1869.

PHOTOGRAPH OF JOHN G. WHITTIER.

We have completed arrangements which enable us to offer, as an additional premium for new subscribers, a life-like, handsomely finished, medium sized photograph of JOHN G. WHITTIER. It is of the same size, and in the same finished style, as that of Mr. Phillips, and by the same artist, Mr. Augustus Marshall, 145 Tremont street, Boston. As a photographer, Mr. Marshall is equalled by few, and surpassed by none in Boston, or elsewhere. Each photograph will be accompanied by Mr. Whittier's autograph. We doubt not that many of our readers, by whom everything from Mr. Whittier's pen is fondly treasured, will be glad to avail themselves of this favorable opportunity to obtain a recent and truthful likeness of him. It is the best we have ever seen of him, and will, we have no doubt, give excellent satisfaction to his numerous friends.

To any one who will remit to us for two new subscribers, one year, ($6), or to any old subscriber, remitting also for one new subscriber ($6), we will send post paid a copy of the excellent photograph of Mr. Whittier.

To any one remitting for three new subscribers, ($9), or renewing, and remitting for two new subscribers ($9), we will send one copy of the photograph of John G. Whittier, and one of Wendell Phillips.

REPORT OF THE LADIES' COMMITTEE OF THE THIRTY-FIFTH NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY SUBSCRIPTION FESTIVAL.

IT is with great satisfaction that we report to our friends the unusual success of our THIRTY-FIFTH ANTI-SLAVERY FESTIVAL. Sustained, as we were, by wider and more enthusiastic cooperation than has been given us for many years, the results both pecuniary and other, have far exceeded our expectations. In those years which saw our treasury liberally aided by gifts from English friends the total sum of the contributions was as large. But, never, we believe, in the palmiest days of our cause was so large a sum ever received, at any Anti-Slavery Bazaar or Festival, from friends in the United States, as has been placed by them in our hands this year.

The amount is FIVE THOUSAND, ONE HUNDRED AND SIXTY FIVE DOLLARS.

This generosity is only the symbol of that hearty and devoted zeal which has met us at every point, freshly stirred for a great effort. The interest in the solution of our problem was never so profound. The moment approaches which will usher in the new Administration; and all minds turn, with keen interest, to any effort which can be made to secure for that new influence the best possible effects.

Especially the pendency, in Congress, of the Constitutional Amendment—the crowning guaranty and necessary close of our movement, kindles the zeal of the Anti-Slavery ranks. These same causes [illegible] the session of the Massachusetts ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY'S Annual Meeting resemble so closely, in enthusiasm, ability and intensity of interest, the best gatherings of our old years, gave additional zest to the Festival. Never has the crowd seemed more to forget itself in the cause. Every heart was alive; every hand was busy. It was a meeting which had all the ease, warmth and hearty social enjoyment of a family gathering, while, at the same time, it was inspired by the loftiest purpose. Around us were the faces of many of those who first put their hands to the plough, and side by side stood those whom late events have drawn to our movement.

We must not omit to recognize the generous aid given us by the eloquent address of Mr. WEISS, nor the great kindness shown us by Mrs. HOWE in enabling us to offer the peculiar attraction of readings of original poems by herself; feeling that we owe to this rare generosity a large share of our success. Mr. PHILLIPS did not fail us, and the honored editor of THE STANDARD was able, most opportunely, to share in our work. The presence of the Rev. J. M. SIMS, one of the expelled members of the Georgia Legislature, (the brother of THOMAS SIMS, whose surrender back into slavery seventeen years ago, convulsed New England), was, at once, a sign and a pledge that our victory is indeed near.

To the friends who so abundantly and most generously covered our Refreshment Tables, we desire to offer the best thanks of the cause. Those of the contributors who were able to be present need no words of ours to apprise them how much this feature aided the social enjoyment of the occasion, in which few of its predecessors have equalled it, as well as added to the receipts.

To the liberal and most efficient cooperation of our friends, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. SMITH, we are again, as in so many former years, deeply indebted.

Encouraged, more than we have language to express by this large success, we invite our coworkers to another year of labor, hoping that it may see the cap-stone set and our perfect triumph secured.

We append some of the letters received from friends not able to be with us, and which were read from the platform by Miss ELLERY.

The first is from our tireless co-worker, and one of the earliest American Abolitionists, Miss MARY GREW, of Philadelphia:

LETTER FROM MARY GREW.

DEAR MRS. SARGENT: I very much regret my inability to be present at the National Subscription Anniversary, which you and others, tried and true, will hold on the 28th inst. Each year, I enjoy, for a brief season, the hope of being with you all, in person, as I always am in spirit. But I have not yet been able to realize the pleasant anticipation, and before another year rolls around, I earnestly hope that our work as an Anti-Slavery organization may be accomplished; and we may see all distinctions based upon color or race, removed from our Statute Books; and the colored man standing, as securely as the white man, under the protection of our Constitution and laws.

The course, thus far, of the present session of Congress, does not j[illegible]ery strong confidence that they will do the one great work of the hour; the work which true statesmanship has demanded at their hands, from the first hour of their assembling: the adoption of an Amendment to the Constitution, which shall make the Thirteenth Amendment effective for the fulfillment of a Nation's promise of freedom to the Slave. Yet we will daily hope that the Republicans in the House and Senate will not prove recreant to a People's trust; but will crown themselves with the glory of this deed of justice.

However this may be, one thing is certain; you who will gather in Horticultural Hall in Boston on next Thursday evening, have no thought of leaving your posts until victory is assured. You will not leave the struggling victims of our Nation's oppression, to fight alone the last few battles of our more than Thirty Years' War for freedom. For the sake of suffering Humanity in our Southern country; for the sake of the Republic's life; for the sake of the moral training of the present generation of American children, God grant that the final victory may come speedily!

Hopefully yours, MARY GREW.

WHITTIER gave us a note of cheer and sympathy holding up our hands to the still needed work.

LETTER FROM JOHN G. WHITTIER.

AMESBURY, 1st mo., 28th, 1869.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I regret that I cannot well be with you this evening. Apart from my interest in the object of the meeting, it would be a great satisfaction to look once more in the faces, and take the hands of those with whom I have been associated in the long Anti-Slavery struggle. God be thanked that the great work of actual emancipation has been done. Chattel slavery is no longer possible here, and it is doomed everywhere. But the civil rights of the freedmen are still insecure; and Abolitionists are not justified in laying down their arms until the newly granted citizenship of the black man is a reality and not a mockery. After the inauguration of Gen. Grant I have little doubt the horrible atrocities which have spotted the South with blood will be measurably checked; but still great vigilance is necessary on our part to make the boon of citizenship available to the long-oppressed race.

Grateful for what has been accomplished, and hopeful for the future, I am very truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

P. S. I enclose my mite to the subscription.

J. G. W.

Our well known friend, MR. JOHN OLIVER, whose labors in Virginia have been so honorable and valuable to his race, sent us a contribution enclosed in the following note:

LETTER FROM JOHN OLIVER ESQ.

RICHMOND, Va., January 23d, 1869.

MR. A. M. POWELL, *Dear Friend:* It is cheering in these perilous times to know, that the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society is still advocating the negro's claims to justice.

Without it long must have slept the National conscience in regard to the abolition of Slavery in this country. And without it still to point the nation onward to justice and humanity, and the negro to higher destinies, long yet would the day be deferred when we shall take our place in these States. I enclose to you $14—given to the Society by a few friends whose names are also enclosed. Hoping at this Thirty-Fifth Anniversary there may be a union of the old and tried friends of the negro, for new and vigorous effort to secure to him all his rights before the law, I am, very truly yours,

JOHN OLIVER.

Rev. Mr. Potter of New Bedford, unable to be present did not forget us:

LETTER FROM REV. WILLIAM J. POTTER.

NEW BEDFORD, January, 27th, 1869.

DEAR MRS SARGENT: I have delayed answering your special invitation to the "Anti-Slavery Subscription Anniversary," to be held in Boston to-morrow, because I have hoped to be able to report in person. But that hope now vanishes; and I must content myself with expressing to you by letter my interest in the objects which it is sought to advance by this meeting.

I especially hope that a great impulse will be given towards securing the amendment to the Federal Constitution, establishing in all the States, the equality of all citizens before the law, without regard to race or color. A few months ago we thought that this amendment was sure to be proposed by the present Congress. But the days of this Congress are rapidly passing away, and no serious purpose shows itself to bring the question to a vote. There is evidently more timidity in this matter on the part of the politicians at Washington than there was before the elections. Congress needs to be stirred up, by words of lively remembrance to its immediate duty in this regard. Your meeting, I trust and believe, will help to do this. That noble host of women, led by such names as are appended to your "Call," have never failed. They will not fail now. With a John Brown faith and energy, they advance to their final victory. That the victory may come soon prays,

Yours faithfully, W. J. POTTER.

Letters were also received from Rev. Mr. ABBOTT of Dover, N. H., and Mr. John K. WILDMAN, of Philadelphia, and from others, which we acknowledge with gratitude.

CONTRIBUTIONS

were received from the following:

Mrs. George R. Russell,	$500.00
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THE LESSON.

BY MRS. JULIA WARD HOWE.

Read at the Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, January 28th, 1869.

WHEN Justice from the Northland came, and at our gates appealed,
She found the temples closed and cold, the law's great issues sealed.
Oh! dark with sorrow was the wave that broke upon our shore,
To which our flinty hearts replied, "avoid thee, come no more."

When Justice in the North awoke, bestirred with wrathful speed,
And weapons from the homestead took, and valor, good at need,
Red with God's anger was the tide that rushed the ways along,
The fiery trumpet led its waves, and cadenced them with song.

But see, the pitying heart of Christ, to South and North revealed,
Shows where all errors find their right, all helplessness its shield;
On the white brow of innocence his reconcilement reigns,
And great Instruction renders back God's prizes for man's pains.

"Forsake the mills on holy days, and from the race for gain
Pause to find quiet in the truth that makes the senseless sane;
Turn from the market of your wares to seek the heavenly school,
Forget your golden treasure vaults, and learn the golden rule.

No land is rich that ingots digs, or trades unmeasured pelf,
Unless she tender other's rights as sacredly as self;
More wealth is hid in one true heart than in a thousand blocks
Whose value's told in bonded notes, or sealed with steeled locks.

Spain with the Inca's wealth grew poor, her shrivelled bigot heart
No cost of high endeavor bore, nor stress of saintly art.
New England from a barren rock, hard dinted by the sea,
An Eden of good culture brings, to feed posterity.

So, where great Conscience sinks her mine, men shall not count the cost,
Let sire and son their sinews give, such labor's never lost.
And where our thoughts' deliverance grows tangled and perplexed,
Still let us hold the sacred coil, explore the issue vexed.

For angels lead men to and fro, to measure out the Earth,
To suit his labor to her breadth, his splendor to her worth;
Blessed are they that go and come in mercy and in faith,
Thrice blest who find the heavenly path that darkens not in death."

The following is the address delivered by Rev. JOHN WEISS at the Anti-Slavery Subscription Festival, at Horticultural Hall, Boston, January 28th, 1869:

ADDRESS BY REV. JOHN WEISS.

If a man watches the process in a rolling-mill, when the bars of iron refuse to pass between the rollers until they have been penetrated with a certain degree of heat, he will get an excellent hint to serve him in the prosecution of great questions of the public morals. After the iron has once blushed with fervor, it can be moulded into the shape upon which the whole business of life can run smoothly. When it is cold, it is common-sense; when it is heated, it is common-sense transfused with feeling.

We are informed, from time to time, that every question of reform begins in the agitation of pure feeling, and passes from that into the period when the cool and cautious judgment, applied to affairs, utilizes all the feeling and saves up the real motives and objects of the reform. But now, if we take the Anti-Slavery movement for our example, at what period was it when common-sense was absent? For the agitator always said, the most sensible thing for the country is to emancipate the slaves, and anticipate the judgments of God. There was never a moment when that was not the practical necessity. If the details of the current politics would not correspond, *they* were senseless, and not the men who kept moving the previous question of common-sense. Their appeals were hot with the indignation that came bubbling from the atrocious facts of cruelty and oppression. Their statistics bristled with the alarm, which the fact of great States impoverished by slave-labor naturally inspired. And these urgent words were called the over-heat of sentimental critics who could raise a breeze of feeling, but who had no spell to allay the actual mischief. Why, the spell was the old one, of applying common-sense to it by abolishing it: as when a man stops drinking when drink begins to spoil him.

Common-sense will always subsidize all the facts of a case. Some of them strike the judgment, some of them lacerate the heart. But God puts in the whole case, and charges it upon the jury.

The case has not altered to-day. It is the plainest dictate of common sense to show what remnants of the prejudice of slavery postpone the true moral reconstruction of the States. The Anti-Slavery man is still, unfortunately, the exigency that commands the country's attention to its own defects. He must still say, slavery is not abolished till the slave is promoted to all the safeties and opportunities of all the citizens. He must still criticise the policy of statesmen, and tell all the unpalatable truths that come up to him on every Southern breeze. The facts of murder, outrage, proscription, hatred, are no doubt quite inflammatory, and a good deal of feeling is expended in relating and in learning them. But it is the plainest common-sense that they should be told, and not one word kept back.

How important it is, then, to sustain an organ whose special purpose is to communicate the protest of the moral sense upon all the points of the national politics that offend it. Justice and feeling have always combined to say that a man has a soul, and must have his opportunities. That has been the precipitate sentiment of the ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD. It must continue to be the animating motive of its criticism. It is still sensible to say that a man must become a citizen, entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness.

THE STANDARD is a small paper, that appears but once a week, and draws no strength from commercial advantages. But its indignant sincerity makes it powerful. I am reminded of the little Yankee who said to Starr King "when I am mad I weigh a ton." The paper's moral earnestness, its unbribable purpose to let out all the facts, its persistent criticism of men and measures, its hatred of Southern prejudices, and its accumulating columns of horror at the crime which is let loose upon white and black loyalists, makes every copy of it weigh a ton. It ought to be lying heavy on the heart of every man and woman in the country.

The abolition of Slavery is not completed till public opinion insists upon the safety, happiness and privileges of the negro. We must throw out our pickets, and watch upon the most advanced guard of the moral idea, and report back to the main line every movement of the enemy, even our suspicions and surmises, that Liberty may not be again taken by surprise.

I shall know when there is a real United States. It will be when Mr. Phillips can go down to Galveston with a copy of THE STANDARD in his pocket, to deliver his lecture upon the Lost Arts, with a supplement calculated to inform that meridian that the art which has been lost there is the fine art of justice and mercy.

That will be a moment worth working for. And I hail the continued existence of THE STANDARD, and recognise in it a kind of necessary supervision and criticism which the daily press of the country is too burdened, or too careless to supply. Let it be supported more generously than ever, until the abolition of class-feelings generated by slavery shall make it superfluous and stale.

ANDREW JOHNSON.

ON Thursday next Andrew Johnson will cease to be acting President, unless Congress should have a spasm of sense, and impeach and depose him from office before that day. We would still have him removed, even if the verdict of removal should not be announced till the last hour of the expiring Presidential term.

It is too late now by impeachment to save the lives of the thousands of murdered loyalists, the waste of property, and the untold suffering, which Mr. Johnson's misrule has allowed and encouraged. It is not yet too late however, even though it be the eleventh hour, for Congress to vindicate in some slight degree the nation's honor, dignity and authority. It should at least place a mark upon the forehead of the drunken apostate and treasonable usurper, as he prepares to go back to East Tennessee.

It is true he was impeached by the House of Representatives, and by a large majority of the Senate, months ago. That the edict of removal was not pronounced, it is now well enough understood, was not because his conduct in office had not been such as to merit deposition. Upon the shoulders of those Senators who baulked the trial of its proper result, rests a heavy weight of responsibility for human blood and suffering.

The voice of Thaddeus Steven's still speaks eloquently to his former associates in the House of Representatives, and bids them do their duty by calling forth from the Committee to whose keeping they were consigned, his very carefully drawn resolutions for a second impeachment of the White House traitor. To allow Andrew Johnson to go hence without additional proceedings against him, is to leave on the nation's historial record a dangerous precedent for future Presideuts. As the unconditional pardon and release of Jefferson Davis, and the proclaiming of Robert E. Lee, a "christian gentleman," with full knowledge of their crimes, invite renewed attempts at rebellion, whenever there shall be a fair promise of success, and with little fear of the consequences of failure, so, for Johnson to go out of office unimpeached on the fourth of March, will be to say to his successors, "you may commit almost any crime, indulge in beastly drunkenness; and in usurpations of the most flagrant character without fear of deposition from office." Of what value will be the impeachment proviso in the constitution?

We are not unmindful that, in the absence of conscientious purpose on the part of Congress and of the dominant party, we doubtless owe much to Johnson's course, and an irritant and stimulant for the progress of the cause of our clients, the colored people. But there was and is a better way. Unnatural stimulants are always followed by reaction and depression. We confess to somewhat of dread of the reactionary "peace," without the conditions of peace, which the advent of the new administration is likely to bring.

Once more, and finally, we urge the impeachment and removal of Andrew Johnson. At the very least, by resolutions of censure, imprint an indellible mark upon his forehead!

THE AMENDMENT.

The measure of paramount importance—a simple resolution of amendment, guaranteeing the right to vote and hold office irrespective of race or color—the Fortieth Congress continues to trifle with. That which might just as well have been disposed of the first month of the session is still being tossed from the Senate to the House, and from the House to the Senate, almost daily. The latest phase as we write (Wednesday, A. M.,) is a Committee of conference, composed on the part of the Senate, of Messrs. Stewart, Conkling and Edmunds, and from the House, of Messrs. Boutwell, Bingham, and Logan. What form of amendment will be agreed upon by this Committee we do not know, and it is useless to speculate. From the conduct of Messrs. Bingham and Logan in the House on Saturday last, it is quite probable that they will be best suited if they are able to kill the amendment altogether. Why Mr. Colfax deemed it necessary to name them both on this Committe, we do not understand. We have little expectation that any form of amendment which shall be recommended by this Committee will contain the guarantee of elligibility to office as well as the right to vote. Without this proviso, as Georgia illustrates, it will be of comparatively small value, and leave an "irrepressible conflict" still to go on.

There remains just one week more of opportunity This Congress will then be among the things that were. Its record thus far the present session is so barren of good results that it can illy afford, for its own credit, not to mention the immense interests dependent upon its action, to fail to adopt and send forth to the Legislatures an amendment. A party so recreant to duty, as such faithless action on the part of Republican Representatives and Senators would prove, would invite and deserve certain repudiation on the part of the loyal liberty-loving masses.

We shall still hope while the opportunity continues, though the eleventh hour is at hand, that some adequate form of amendment, will yet be agreed upon, and transmitted to the Legislatures, perhaps ere these words shall reach our more distant readers.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

It transpires, so say the Washington correspondents, that Gen. Schofield is to be temporarily retained in Grant's Cabinet; also that a distinguished civilian from Pennsylvania is to be invited to a seat therein. Thus much we are permitted to know—if the report be true. For additional cabinet information we are to wait till March fifth.

With Jefferson Davis pardoned and unconditionally released from trial, we see no good reason for longer retaining the death penalty as a feature of our penal code. We bid Mr. Martin H. Bovee, the champion of anti-capital-punishment reform, a hearty welcome to this State, and shall be happy to render him all the assistance in our power to abolish the gallows. If hanging can be safely dispensed with in the case of Davis and his fellow criminals of large magnitude, we see no need of visiting the barbarous penalty upon any lesser offenders. Let "magnanimity" do its perfect work.

An inquiry from some colored people to the Committee in charge, as to whether they would be admitted to the Inauguration Ball to be given in the Treasury building, at Washington, on Thursday next, has called forth a great deal of characteristic and contemptible comment on the part of negro-haters and negro-hating journals. Mayor Bowen could not answer for the Committee, but creditably said he had no objection himself to their participation in the festivities of the occasion. We hope colored people who, may desire to do so, will attend.

The Kansas Senate recently rejected the proposition to strike the word "white" from the State Constitution. The vote was yeas 14, nays 17, three Senators voting in the negative, because the bill did not also strike out the word "male." The friends of woman suffrage in the Kansas Senate should have presented a separate bill, and then voted for both. We presume negro hatred, rather than any real interest to enfranchise women, prompted the three negative votes which killed the proposition to strike the word "white" from the State Constitution.

We are glad to see a decided disinclination on the part of the Senate to repeal the Civil-Tenure office law. A limitation of the power of the President is one of the unintentional good results of Johnson's misrule. This safeguard ought not now to be thrown away. Without reference to Grant, personally, it is well to retain this limitation, and it would be a gain to curtail still further the prerogatives of the Executive. Grant may or may not turn out to be a good President. The fact that he allows us to know so little of his real purpose is in itself evidence of the wisdom of the Senate in maintaining its hold upon him.

The Rev. JAMES M. SIMS of Savannah, Ga., a brother of THOMAS SIMS, one of the expelled members of the Georgia Legislature, is coming North soon, and after the fourth of March will, for a time, lecture and address meetings, as opportunity may be afforded him. Mr. SIMS, as our readers are aware, attended the recent Festival and Annual Meeting of the Massachusetts Anti-Slavery Society in Boston, and spoke with great acceptance. A slave until 1855, when he managed to buy himself, always a resident of the South, thoroughly familiar with the present condition and needs of the colored people, a man of excellent native ability and a good speaker, he will at this time, we are fully assured, do much good wherever he may be afforded a hearing.

We advise our friends in this State, in Connecticut, in New Jersey, in Pennsylvania Ohio and elsewhere to make arrangements for Mr. Sims to address as many meetings as his strength will permit him to attend, during the next month or two. We shall be happy to receive letters of invitation for Mr. Sims, and to put him in communication with such of our friends as may like to arrange appointments for him.

PERSONAL.

Miss E. G. Highgate formerly of Syracuse, N. Y., we learn from *The Colored Citizen's Monthly*, is teaching a large school in West Jackson, Miss.

The Washington correspondent of *The Commonwealth* says: "I hear that Senator Wilson contemplates another series of temperance meetings at the Capitol, and the first one may be held on Sunday evening next. It is somewhat expected that Mr. Colfax will speak; in which case there will be an immense audience. His words, backed by his consistent example, can hardly fail to influence favorably the thousand of young men here from all points of the compass."

The Chicago Tribune, of the 17th inst. says:

"Dr. William Wells Brown of Boston, the eminent colored orator and author, delivered his great historical lecture on "Hannibal, the Carthagenian Hero," in Farwell Hall, last evening. There was a very large audience in attendance, a great many being of his own race. Great interest was manifested, and the strictest attention was paid to all that was said. The lecture was a very able one, and Mr. Brown well sustained his reputation as an orator in its delivery."

The (Hamilton, N. Y.) *Democratic Republican*, of the 21st ult., says:

"C. L. Remond, spoke at the Congregational Church, last evening. We have never listened to a colored orator, who was more at home on the rostrum, one who spoke with more eloquence of language, using more sound, logical arguments than he did. We say we never listened to a colored man, we add we have very seldom listened to a white man who was his equal. The subject of suffrage for his race was handled in an effective manner, and few there are who can refute his arguments. We wish that every voter in the State could hear him, and that they would profit by his arguments."

The Washington correspondent of *The Detroit Tribune*, writing of Gen. Grant's health and habits, says: "The General's physical condition is better than it has been for twenty years. His eye is clear, his hand firm, and he has every appearance of robust health. Some time ago he came to the decision that he would not use intoxicating liquors at the public dinners which he is compelled occasionally to accept. What his habits are when at his own table with his wife and children, I do not know, nor is it any business of mine or the public's; but everybody who has seen him at dinner within six months gives the same report—'Gen. Grant does'nt drink a drop. At the last set dinner which he attended, as is the

custom, half a dozen glasses were arrayed by each plate. In a short time the General's were all full, he not tasting a drop, till, becoming annoyed by the number, or because they were in his way, he asked the servant to be kind enough to remove them. This I have from a gentleman who sat near him at the table.

Senator Doolittle, formerly a Republican, now an apostate, in his recent speech upon the Suffrage Amendment, gives the reason why Chief Justice Chase failed to receive the Rebel-Democratic nomination in this city last July. He says:

"I believe that if the Supreme Court had held, in the case of McArdle on the *habeus corpus*, which brought it before them, that your military reconstruction law was unconstitutional, McArdle would have been discharged from imprisonment and arrest, and that decision would have been sustained by all the departments of the government. There would have been complaint about it in Congress undoubtedly, but if the court had decided the case, its decision would have been acquiesced in. I believe another thing, and I may as well speak my mind freely about it. I believe that if Chief-Justice Chase had not hesitated to deliver the opinion which the court were ready to pronounce, as all the world understands—if he had joined in that opinion, as I have no doubt he would—he would have been nominated at the city of New York last Summer for President; and another thing I believe—he would have been elected, just as certain as he is a living man. But he failed to make the decision; he hesitated; he let Congress steal his jurisdiction away. It was too late."

Miss Josephine Ellery, of Boston, gave a public reading in that city at Chickering's Hall on Tuesday evening, the 16th inst. *The Commonwealth* in a complimentary notice of her reading says: "We had heard her last year in Horticultural Hall, at a disadvantage, standing on the outermost edge of a not overquiet crowd, in which position we only learned that she possessed a voice of uncommon sweetness and purity, and a good degree of power in impersonation. We went prepared for something rather above the average, but by no means expecting the rare entertainment we enjoyed. We were too late to hear the whole of the selections from "King John." But the grief of Queen Constance and the artless pleadings of Prince Arthur in the scene with Hubert were perfect as nature itself. It is this naturalness, the entire absence of stage airs and mannerisms, that distinguishes Miss Ellery from the majority of public readers. "A Child to a Rose" was exquisite; indeed, she seems specially gifted in rendering the innocent and winning accents of childhood. She read Whittier's "Howard at Atlanta," from the advance sheeets of the March *Atlantic*, in a way to have gladdened the poet's heart could he have heard her. And her reading of "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" must have revealed new and nobler meanings even to those who have been for years familiar with the grandeur and sweetness, the scorn and pathos and vehement passion, of that matchless poem. It is easy to predict the secondary success of popular approval where the primary success is achieved—mastery of one's work. It requires no prophetic vision to foresee a brilliant future for Miss Ellery."

Miss Ellery is announced to read the present week in Fitchburg, Manchester, and Lowell. She is a young woman of earnest purpose, and an elocutionist of rare promise.

EPITAPH FOR JEFF. DAVIS.

Long since to the Devil he loan'd his soul away:
Now the poor soul repudiates its clay.

NORTHERN.

The Scioto (Ohio) *Gazette* says:

"THE NATIONAL ANTI-SLAVERY STANDARD, under the auspicies of AARON M. POWELL, editor, and WENDELL PHILLIPS, special contributor and associate editor, enters upon the year, 1869, with renewed vigor as an able advocate of the down-trodden sons of Africa. It is sufficient to say that it more than maintains its former high standing in the ranks of American literature. It is published weekly by the American Anti-Slavery Society to whom all orders should be addressed at No. 39, Nassau street, New York. The subscription price is only $3.00 per annum, with special inducements to clubs. It is richly worth the money, and should be in the hands of every friend of human advancement."

GEORGIA CORRESPONDENCE.

BOSTON, February 22d, 1869.

To the Editor of the Standard:

I have received this morning, from our respected friend, J. M. Sims, the colored member elect of the Georgia Legislature, and recently my guest, the accompanying letter which I hope you will publish, as it contains naught else than would interest the public. Let us hope that the "calm and stillness," of which he speaks as now characterizing the Georgia community, may be something more than the "calm which proceedes a storm." What a wonderful faith is ever in the hearts of these oppressed ones of the South! May the God of justice ere long, give them all the social and civil privileges so clearly their due. Very sincerely yours,

JOHN T. SARGENT.

LETTER FROM HON. AND REV. J. M. SIMS, BROTHER OF THOMAS SIMS, TO REV. JOHN T. SARGENT OF BOSTON.

SAVANNAH, Ga., Feb. 17th, 1869.

Rev. JOHN T. SARGENT, *Pres't. Mass. Anti-Slavery Society.*

DEAR SIR:—This will inform you of my arrival once more, upon the soil of Georgia, and at the home of so many sorrows and so few joys to me. I hope that it will find yourself and family quite well. Public opinion seems to have undergone a change since I left here in November last, and a calm and stillness have come over the community that is truly refreshing and encouraging. I am continually asking myself the question will it continue thus, without being able to determine upon the answer, for more depends upon the executive action of the incoming administration of the United States Government, I fear, than upon the actual change that may have taken place in the public sentiment of the Southern whites; for, if we are *granted* the former, the latter may prove real and continual.

However, be assured, dear Sir, that, with the encouragement that I have received from the action of the Anti-Slavery Society, and the sentiment expressed by the Society at its last anniversary, I am here in Georgia to do battle for the cause of humanity in a stronger spirit of hope than ever before. Please give my respects to the family, and believe me, Dear Sir, your very humble servant and Brother in Christian Bonds,

J. M. SIMS.

Our Washington Correspondence.

WASHINGTON, D. C., February 23d, 1869.

"The Dawdling Congress," as Wendell Phillips so pertinently entitled the present body, has eight working days left, and has literally accomplished nothing. I doubt if the legislative history of this country contains a record of such little value as that which the XLth Congress is now about closing. With grand opportunities, it has been a complete thing of "shreds and patches"—a failure of the most conspicuous kind. One enjoys perfection, even if it be bad. In that light we may enjoy the perfect failure with which the XLth Congress will be associated. It has done only one thing thoroughly, and that is to adjourn when it ought to have remained. With the Republic's safety in its hand, it has only "dawdled," with unapproached opportunity for statesmanship it has hardly succeeded in compromising. Its chief aim has been to postpone; looking for a moment at the work that has been before it, and the atrocious failures it has registered, one may judge how complete have been its sins of omission. The Democracy even can hardly charge upon it sins of commission from their point of view.

Look at its conduct on Reconstruction. The XXXIXth Congress passed the chief law on which the process was based. That body had some excuse for not making it thorough. They might have said, as they did, that the situation was not fully understood, and therefore their legislation must be imperfect. But among the first duties of the "Dawdling Congress" was that of amending the law. The Attorney General had already driven a coach and four, as the phrase goes, through its provisions. What was needed was quite apparent. To build up the national party where it was weak in influence, and destroy a disloyal one, where it was strong by long maintained possession of the sources of power, should have been one of the prominent results of this legislation. But the rebels were kept in power, and what the Republicans of the South have gained has been in defiance of those entrenched in place by the grace of a so-called Radical Congress. The XLth Congress might have removed all the rebels from power and so given their own process a fair field. To take a later example. In spite of the unnecessary impediments left in their way by their own friends, the Republicans of the South carried seven of the ten rebel States—though since betrayed in one. They send their Representatives here. The delegations from six of them were admitted to both Houses. The Presidential canvass was on hand. The new State Governments were poor, weak, struggling. The wealth and education of the States were against them. Treason had again lifted its foul head. An organization for political assassination and seditious terrorism of the most fiendish character had spread its foul ramifications through the whole of these States. The State Governments came to Congress and asked first, the repeal of an act passed by the first session of the XXXIXth Congress, prohibiting the organization of militia in their midst. It was designed to prevent the Johnson Government, so-called, from making their treasonable proclivities formidable.

They further asked that Congress would give to these reconstructed States, loyal in character, the quotas of arms for their militia, which it had been the custom of the general government for three-quarters of a century to do. But the "Dawdling Congress" on the eve of a Presidential election, in the beginning of which none of them knew whether their candidate was in sympathy with them or not, preferred that murder should run riot throughout the South, and treason be enabled almost to reinstate revolution as the rule of the hour, rather than meet the cry of "arming the niggers" which it was possible the Democratic stumpers might raise. At this hour, on the close of important years, in which occasion has offered for great deeds, "the Dawdling Congress" has done nothing to right the wrong done in Georgia; leaves untried, efforts to punish the foul nest of assassins who hold control of Texas, will let Louisiana's minority of rebels, red with the blood of nearly two thousand murdered loyalists, come unchecked to the door of the XLIst, Congress; leaves Mississippi to fret under the violently continued Provisional Government, and keeps Virginia loyalty pleading at the door, while it delays to listen to the protest of thrice whipped and always treacherous rebels, who now seek with honeyed words and Judas kiss to betray again the nations cause.

On Reconstruction, with the best of opportunities, the XLth Congress is a complete failure. So with impeachment. True the House was at last brought to present the great criminal to the bar of the Senate, but it was in a great degree on charges that belittled their historic process, and cowardly evaded the offences for which he should have been tried. But though the House did well in that event, ever since it has seemed to be doing penance to the seven Senators, for having compelled those unfortunates to immolate themselves for "party sucess." The necessity for impeachment is as great now as at any time, but it has been a dead issue all along, and the House to prove it, some time since with disgraceful sycophancy, kicked the law, for breaking which Andrew Johnson was impeached, ignominiously from the Statue-book, so far as it could do it. The Senate has been squabbling over what it should do in the matter, and the question of repeal even threatens to disrupture the Republicans there, giving the Democratic eleven the balance of power.

Take other matters of legislation. In one thing only is this Congress to be especially praised, and that is more the result of outside denunciation than any virtuous spasms from within. I refer to the pleasant fact that no great scheme of land plunder or railroad subsidy has been passed. But it has made up for this by neglecting everthing. On finance it has only postponed. Not daring to face this issue, the XLth Congress has succeeded best in dawdling. At the present session, it has not succeeded even in passing the necessary appropriation bills. It has succeeded, however, in reducing "dawdling" to a system. Take the Army bill as an example of the peculiar tactics which mark its career. Perhaps there ought not to be a reduction of the army, I am inclined to think so, but at any rate a majority of the Republicans in Congress think the time has come to reduce its numbers. But they dare not act on that belief, when a measure like that of Gen. Butler's is offered, but in the House, accept a dodge which recommends itself because a piece of flattery for Grant is involved. So with the question of dealing, with the questions involved in the joint Convention differences. Nearly all acknowledge that, the joint rules are defective and that the action of the Senate involves a precedent which may be of a dangerous character. But they vote Butler down, and stand by Colfax and Wade, because one has power, and the other from his connection with the power itself may have influence.

But the most disgraceful specimen of the mania for doing nothing which we have seen is in the treatment of the Constitutional Amendment. It has been kicked from either House, worse than a foot-ball in a school-yard during recess. The House passes one which though not all that might be desired, yet is all that could be carried. Hatred of the Chinese on the Pacific; fear of rebels voting in the Border and middle-Southern States, and the fear of Rhode Island's pocket oligarchy, all conspire against any more positive enactment. Besides it was a great stride anyhow. The Senate, as if to complicate, introduces its own proposition, in substance like that of the House, except that it protects the right of holding office. When the House amendment reaches the Senate, it rejects both that and the one reported from its own Committee, and after long debate adopts a proposition of a different character, which from that time would be a dead letter.

The House refuses to concur and asks a Committee of Conference. That was the most direct way of settling the matter, and getting a proposition upon which all could agree. But being so it was rejected, and a new form was decided upon. That, the House refused to concur in, and adopted a proposition like the one which came from the Senate. This action was forced upon the House by the "rule or ruin" men. Bingham has about thirty followers, men, some of whom think him a great Constitutional lawyer, instead of being a mere rhetorician who answers admirably the Persian description of a rainbow—"Putrescent wind on fire." Others are merely crotchety fellows like himself. Besides these, Logan and a few others, who fear the office-holding proviso, in rage voted for Bingham's amendment in hopes of defeating the whole matter, I verily believe. With these the Democrats voted. Together they got the Amendment substituted and then the House adopted it.

To-day however the Senate consented to a Committee of Conference, and Messrs. Stewart, Conkling and Edmunds were appointed.

There is yet time for the XLth Congress to redeem itself. If it will put before the country a simple proposition on and by which we can eliminate "color and race" from American politics, the rest of disgraceful dawdling will be forgiven. In this criticism there must be understood to be many reservations in favor of the men who have stood firm always.

ABMODEUS.

Our Boston Correspondence.

BOSTON, February 21st, 1869.

IT is thought by a good many people that School Committees and teachers at the Hub are "pretty well up" in matters relating to education; but the recent testimony of one of the most experienced in both these classes seems to imply that we have yet a good deal to learn, and some things to unlearn, in regard to school instruction. Mr. George B. Emerson said, in his very interesing lecture on the early legislation and action of Massachusetts upon Education, that the early pupils of Harvard College were more thoroughly fitted to enter it than our students now-a-days; and among the reasons for the better scholarship of that early period he cited these; that students in preparation for college, and during the college course, were required to *speak* Latin as well as read it—that they did not waste their time over books of grammar and geography—that they kept their health in good condition by a sufficiency of active out-door exercise during the whole of their student-life—and that this exercise was not mere bodily movement, but good honest labor in the business of life, acquainting them not only

THE RADICAL CLUB.

To the Editor of the Standard:

BOSTON, February 20th, 1869.

In your paper of last week the Report of our recent "RADICAL CLUB" meeting at my house by C. K. W. though in the main correct, represents me as expressing a sentiment almost the very opposite of what I really *did* say. Toward the close of the discussion I remarked, and I think I now give the very words I then used—"After all, the great open question for these times, and which we have got to meet and answer, is *this*. *Did* Christianity, as a system, really anticipate or include what we now understand by "Free Religion?"—*was* its breadth of purpose such?"

It may be of no further consequence to make this correction except that I wish it understood that I sympathized with Mr. Abbots reasoning in his essay, much more than did some others of the conference.

Yours very truly, JOHN T. SARGENT.

THE ELECTORAL CONVENTION.

AN occasional correspondent, writing from Washington, says:

"T'was a curious trouble in the Electoral Convention. I saw it all, and I have said several times, glorious Ben. Butler! Yes it was curious, for although I saw that Gen. Butler was right all the way through, yet it did me good to hear President Wade defended; such men as Bingham, Garfield and others, cannot understand such a position. That Butler could stand up and characterize with spirit and indignation the attempt to infringe the rights of the House, do it on principle, for the sake of the future—and yet not impugn the motives of the President of the Senate. Bingham used a great deal of what I suppose he considered beautiful rhetoric, but a speech with less power I never heard. He was abusive, and so was Garfield, personally abusive of Butler. Schenck was in the most beautiful spirit, but stood firmly with Butler and defended the rights of the people: was very clear in all his points. Julian would have protested on the day of the count, had others held out, still longer, so that the vote should not have been announced *until the House was heard.*

The Chronicle showed yesterday how the majority of the newspapers misunderstand the resolution of Senator Edmund's, and then on that erroneous basis make their criticisms and come to false conclusions.

You see, Mr. Julian's bill was recommitted to the Committee, day before yesterday. The Eastern men do not seem to apprehend the great benefits to result from it, do not look at it as adding to, but drawing from the revenue. Even Boutwell views it in this way, broadly intelligent as we suppose him. C.

THE ALABAMA CLAIM.

To the Editor of the Standard:

Will you allow an "occasional correspondent" to make a suggestion as to the right way to treat this claim.

Let Congress appoint a commission, with power to take proof of all losses under the case, and after the amount is ascertained for the claimants, then, after adding one year's cost of the war to the sum, present it for payment. It would be refused. Lay it aside, each year add interest at the rate of 6 per cent per annum—gold, and collect it when England could not refuse to pay it. The day would come. E. M. DAVIS.

FEB. 16, 1669.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

In making remittances for subscriptions, always procure a draft on New York, or a *Post-Office Money Order*, if possible. Where neither of these can be procured, send the money, *but always in a* REGISTED *letter.* The registration fee has been reduced to *fifteen cents*, and the present registration system has been found by the postal authorities to be virtually an absolute protection against losses by mail. *All* Postmasters are obliged to register letters whenever requested to do so.

Subscribers to THE STANDARD in Philadelphia and vicinity, will please take notice that they can renew their subscriptions as well by sending their money *direct* to Aaron M. Powell, Editor of THE ANTI-SLATERY STANDARD, No. 39 Nassau street, New York city," as to me, and that it may cost less in money and time to do so.

E. M. DAVIS.

FEB. 16, 1869.

LITERARY.

SPIRIT MYSTERIES EXPLAINED—THE INNER LIFE. By Andrew Jackson Davis. 424 pages. Boston: William White & Co., New York, 544 Broadway. This latest book by Mr. Davis will be read with deep interest by many who will be glad to have his interpretation and explanation of "mysteries" which were "miracles" in the olden time, and which, as they continue in numerous instances to occur, puzzle and perplex the wise people of this generation. We must refer the interested to the book itself for the particulars of these explanations as rendered by the author. The lesson of the book as a whole is summed up in its last paragraph, which is as follows:

"'Death is but a door leading to another room in the house not made with hands.' It is the important transition, good for man only, when he has lived out the full term of life allotted to the natural body. In view of *what we shall hereafter be*, let us rejoice exceedingly with songs of praise in our mouths; let us attune our lives to the key note of our spiritual convictions."

Without being able to affirm or deny as to the detailed statements of clairvoyant insight, with the reasonableness of the general conclusions above given, we cordially agree.

WILD LIFE UNDER THE EQUATOR is the title of a book by Paul Du Chaillu, designed especially for young people who will read it with eagerness and fascination. These wonderful experiences in this wild country, which M. Du Chaillu knows so well how to depict, may be useful in awakening a new interest in the study of Geography. His interesting accounts of the birds and animals he was in very close companionship with, will stimulate a desire to understand Natural History. Of course his narrow escapes and bold adventures are very exciting, and he always leaves his young readers with a keen appetite for his next forthcoming book. Harper & Brothers are the publishers of this nicely bound volume, which contains some very spirited illustrations.

The same publishers have issued THE APACHE COUNTRY, A TOUR THROUGH ARIZONA AND SONORA, with notes on the silver regions of Nevada, by J. Ross Browne. This book is made especially attractive by numerous illustrations drawn by the author. Most of them have already appeared in Harper's *Magazine* with this interesting series of papers.

The Right use of Sunday is the title of a lecture by the Rev. John W. Chadwick, of Brooklyn, published by the Steples Fraternity, in a neatly printed pamplet of twenty-eight pages. The present Sunday is shown to be quite another day than the Hebrew Sabbath, and its observance by Sabbatarians to be altogether at variance with the original holiday purpose of the Sabbath. Sunday, it is argued, should be used as a day of rest, cessation from and change of ordinary employment; for exercise and various amusements of the more quiet sort; and for purposes of intellectual and religious culture. The lecture presents a radical, rational view of the subject, one well calculated to destroy a superstitious reverence for the day as one for special sanctity, but also to awaken new interest in it, as a day of relaxation from ordinary cares and labor, a day for rational religious culture, and for increase of happiness by the promotion of the happiness of others in the home and elsewhere.

A TREATISE ON PHYSIOLOGY AND HYGENE, by J. C. Dalton, M. D., Professor of Physiology in the College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, is an excellent text-book for schools and families. It contains numerous pictorial illustrations, and each chapter is accompanied by a list of questions, to aid in review. There is great need of a better understanding of the laws of human growth and health, and this important instruction is too much neglected even in our best schools. We welcome every attempt to disseminate such valuable knowledge. Dr. Dalton's book is well calculated to interest scholars, and many who esteem themselves learned, will do well to examine its contents to be reminded of their daily transgression of physical laws. It contains 400 pages, and is published by Harper & Brothers.

Radical Reconstruction: and Radicalism is the title of a handsomely printed pamphlet edition of an Address by the Rev. Alexander Clark, of Pittsburgh, editor of *Our School-Day Visitor*, and author of *The Gospel in the Trees.* This address is an earnest plea for the reconstruction of the National and State governments upon the basis of equality before the law for all men and women; and for such a regenerated public opinion as would make righteouness, in the truest sense, the rule of public and private life. The address is ably written, and will do good wherever it may be read. It should be widely circulated. We commend it especially to the thoughtful consideration of our Methodist brethren, with whom the author stands in fellowship.

THE COUNTRY HOUSE ON THE RHINE, by Auerbach, which is being reprinted in *Litell's Living Age*, is a story of deep interest. In chapter tenth of last week's issue appears the following beautiful passage: "No one is poor and no one is rich, when we direct the thought to the Eternal. The Fatherhood of God bridges over the abyss."

RECEIVED.

SELECTIONS FROM THE SPEECHES, SERMONS AND ADDRESSES of Samuel Clement Fessenden. 267 pp. New York: Wm. P. Tomlinson.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY. By F. T. Palgrave. 405 pp. Boston and Cambridge: Sever, Francis & Co.

THD GOSPEL OF GOOD AND EVIL. 360 pp. Boston: Wm. White & Co.

Harper's Monthly Magazine for March. New York: Harper & Co.

The Galaxy for March. New York: Sheldon & Co,

Putnam's Monthly Magazine for March. New York: G. P. Putnam & Son.

Lippincott's Monthly Magazine for March. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co.

Our Young Folks for March. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

The Old Oaken Bucket for February. Indianopolis: Cowan & Protzman.

The Phrenological Journal for March. New York; S. R. Wells, Editor.

The Children's Friend for March. West Chester: E. K. Smedley, Editor.

Littell's Living Age. Boston: Littell & Gay.

Every Saturday. Boston: Fields, Osgood & Co.

Harper's Weekly and *Harper's Bazar.* New York: Harper & Brothers.

MASSACHUSETTS ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

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A MONTHLY MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO REFORM.

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Eminent Writers will be regular Contributors, and articles (to be liberally compensated) are solicited from all friends of the Movement.

The January number contained articles from Frances Dana Gage, Lucy Stone, Frederick Douglass, Miss Kate Field, W. J. Linton, Henry B. Blackwell, Aaron M. Powell, George S. Burleigh, Rev. J. W. Chadwick and other well-known writers. For the current year, arrangements of such a character are in progress, as warrant the assurance that each number will exhibit an improvement in quality and literary excellence.

The February number contains articles from CAROLINE H. DALL, HENRY B. BLACKWELL, LUCY STONE, RICHARD J. HINTON, SAMUEL C. BLACKWELL and others.

A Prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS is hereby offered for the best Story bearing upon the Question; FIFTY DOLLARS for the second best, and TWENTY-FIVE DOLLARS for the third best—the MSS. (not to exceed 100 pp., nor be less than 50 pp., of THE ADVOCATE,) to be submitted in time for award and use by June, 1869. It is hoped by the Publisher that these liberal offers will stimulate writers to a spirited competition for the prizes, and thus enable him to present some of the best serials ever offered to the public.

THE WOMAN'S ADVOCATE will be issued every month; each number containing 48 pages, printed from new type on fine paper, and furnished to subscribers for Two Dollars a year, payable in advance. To Clubs of Four or more, One Dollar and Fifty Cents per copy. Single Copy, Twenty Cents. The postage will be Twenty-four Cents a year.

Editors of journals publishing this Prospectus, or calling attention to it editorially, will be entitled to a copy for the year by sending a marked copy to the Publisher.

All Communications to be addressed,

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Miscellaneous Department.

THE VOICELESS.

BY OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

We count the broken lyres that rest
Where the sweet wailing singers slumber,
But o'er their silent sister's breast
The wild flowers, who will stop to number?
A few may touch the magic string,
And noisy fame be proud to win them!
Alas for those who never sing,
But die with all their music in them.

Nay, grieve not for the dead alone,
Where song has told their heart's sad story;
Weep for the voiceless who have known
The cross without the crown of glory!
Not where Leucadian breezes sleep
O'er Sappho's memory-haunted pillow,
But where the glistening night dews weep
O'er nameless sorrow's church-yard willow.

O, hearts that break and give no sign,
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow dropped from misery's crushing presses,
If singing breath or echoing chord,
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven.

ANECDOTE OF THE ELDER BOOTH.

Mr. Elihu Burritt contributes to the February number of *Packard's Monthly* an interesting article, under the title of "Breathing a Living Soul into Dead Words," in which the following anecdote is told of the elder Booth:

"The elder Booth was a man who threw into his impersonations an amount of heart and soul which his originals could scarcely have equalled. He did Richard III. to the life, and more. He had made human passions, emotions and experiences his life's study. He could not only act but feel rage, love, despair, hate, ambition, fury, hope and revenge, with a depth and force that half amazed his auditors. He could transmute himself into the hero of his impersonation, and he could breathe a power into men's written words which perhaps was never surpassed. And what is rather remarkable, when he was inclined to give illustrations of this faculty to private circles of friends, he nearly always selected some passages from Job, David or Isaiah, or other holy men of old. When an aspiring young professor of Harvard University went to him by night, to ask a little advice or instruction in qualifying himself for an orator, the veteran tragedian opened the Bible and read a few verses from Isaiah in a way that made the Cambridge scholar tremble with awe, as if the prophet had risen from the dead and were uttering his sublime visions in his ears. He was then residing in Baltimore, and a pious, urbane old gentleman of that city, hearing of his wonderful power of elocution, one day invited him to dinner, although deprecating the stage and all theatrical performances.

"A large company sat down to the table, and on returning to the drawing-room one of them requested Booth, as a special favor to them all, to repeat the Lord's Prayer. He signified his willingness to gratify them, and all eyes were fixed upon him. He slowly and reverentially arose from his chair, trembling with the burden of two great conceptions. He had to realize the character, attributes, and presence of the Almighty Being he was to address. He was to transform himself into a poor, sinning, stumbling, benighted, needy suppliant, offering homage, asking bread, pardon, light, and guidance. Says one of the company present: It was wonderful to watch the play of emotions that convulsed his countenance. He became deathly pale, and his eyes, turned tremblingly upwards, were wet with tears. As yet he had not spoken. The silence could be felt; it was becoming absolutely painful, until at last the spell was broken as if by an electric shock, as his rich-toned voice, from white lips, syllabled forth 'Our Father, which art in heaven,' etc., with a pathos and fervid solemnity that thrilled all hearts. He finished; the silence continued; not a voice was heard nor a muscle moved in his rapt audience, until, from a remote corner of the room, a subdued sob was heard, and the old gentleman (the host) stepped forward, with streaming eyes and tottering frame, and seized Booth by the hand. 'Sir,' said he in broken accents, 'you have afforded me a pleasure for which my whole future will feel grateful. I am an old man, and every day, from boyhood to the present time, I thought I had repeated the Lord's Prayer; but I never heard it before, never.'

"'You are right,' replied Booth. 'To read that prayer as it should be read caused me the severest study and labor for thirty years, and I am far from being satisfied with my rendering of that wonderful production. Hardly one person in ten thousand comprehends how much beauty, tenderness, and grandeur can be condensed in a space so small and in words so simple. That prayer itself sufficiently illustrates the truth of the Bible, and stamps upon it the seal of divinity.' So great was the effect produced, says our informant, "that conversation was sustained but a short time longer in subdued monosyllables, and almost entirely ceased; and soon after, at an early hour, the company broke up and retired to their several homes with sad faces and full hearts."

The Velocipedes of Antiquity.—Howitt's "Visits to Remarkable Places" was published in 1841. It contains this allusion to the velocipede in a description of the author's visit to Alnwick castle:

Among the curiosities laid up here are also two velocipedes—machines which, twenty years ago, were for a short period much in vogue. One young man of my acquaintance rode on one of these wooden horses all the way from London to Falkirk, in Scotland, and was requested at various towns to exhibit his management of it to the ladies and gentlemen of the place; he afterwards made a long excursion to France upon it. He was a very adroit velocipedean, and was always very much amused with the circumstance of a gentleman meeting him on the highway by the river side, who, requesting to be allowed to try it, and being shown how he must turn the handle in order to guide it, set off with great spirit, but turning the handle the wrong way, soon found himself hurrying to the edge of the river, where, in his flurry, instead of turning the handle the other way, he began lustily shouting "woh! woh!" and so crying plunged headlong into the stream. The duke's horse, which is laid up here for the gratification of posterity, was, I believe, not so very unruly; yet I was told its pranks caused it to be disused and here stabled. It is said that the duke and his physicians used to amuse themselves with careering about the grounds on these steeds; but one day, being somewhere on the terrace, his grace's Trojan steed capsized, and rolled over and over with him down the green bank, much to the amusement of a troop of urchins who were mounted on a wall by the road to witness this novel kind of racing. On this accident the velocipede was laid up in lavender, and a fine specimen of the breed it is. I asked the old porter if the story was true, but he only smiled and said, "Mind! I did not tell you that. Don't pretend to say, if you write any account of this place, that you had that from me."

A writer in the *London Spectator* propounds a new theory in reference to the numerous well authenticated cases in which persons at the moment of death have made their presence seen or felt by distant friends. He suggests that the brain has the power of producing waves or vibrations in an atmosphere peculiar to itself, just as a magnetic battery sends an undulation through the magnetic fluid contained in a telegraph wire; or a bell sets the air surrounding it in motion when it is rung. At the moment of death, particularly of death by some violence which finds the body in full vigor, the brain, exerting itself with spasmodic intensity, causes those brains which are connected with it by affinity to feel its power, and thus to perceive the presence of the person to whom it belongs. Such oblique methods of communicating between brain and brain, if such there be, would, in the opinion of the writer, probably but rarely take effect. The influences would be too minute and subtle to tell upon any brain already preoccupied by action of its own, or on any but brains of extreme, perhaps morbid, susceptibility. But if, indeed, there be radiating from living brains any such streams of vibratory movements, these may well have an effect, even without speech, and be, perhaps, the *modus operandi* of "the little flash—the mystic hint" of the poet—of that dark and strange sphere of half-experiences which the world has never been without.

The theory, to which its propounder gives the name of "brain waves," is an ingenious one, and may yet receive scientific corroboration. That this material world has within it a host of forces not appreciable by the coarser senses, and that mind can act on mind without audible speech or visible motion, and at distances beyond the reach of sound or sight, is getting to be generally conceded. But how, or under what conditions, this power exhibits itself, is still an interesting subject of inquiry.—*N. Y. Sun.*

THREE WORDS OF STRENGTH.

[Translated from the German].

There are three lessons I would write—
Three words as with a burning pen—
In tracings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope. Though clouds environ now,
And gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow;
No night but hath its morn.

Have Faith. Where'er thy bark is driven,
The calm's disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this: God rules the host of heaven,
The inhabitants of earth.

Have Love: and not alone for one,
But man, as man, thy brother call,
And scatter, like the circling sun,
Thy charities on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith and Love, and thou shalt find,
Strength when Life's surges rudest roll,
Light where thou else wert blind.

HAWTHORNE IN A STAGE-COACH.

Started for Northampton at half-past nine in the morning. A respectable sort of man and his son on their way to Niagara, (grocers, I believe) and calculating how to perform the tour, subtracting as few days as possible from the shop. Somewhat inexperienced travellers, and comparing everything advantageously or otherwise with Boston customs; and considering themselves a long way from home, while yet short of a hundred miles from it. Two ladies, rather good-looking. I rode outside nearly all day, and was very sociable with the driver and another outside passenger. Towards night took up an essence-vendor for a short distance. He was returning home, after having been out on a tour two or three weeks, and nearly exhausted his stock. He was not exclusively an essence peddler, having a large tin box, which had been filled with dry goods, combs, jewelry, etc., now mostly sold out. His essences were of anise-seed, cloves, red-cedar, wormwood, together with opodeldoc, and an oil for the hair. These matters are concocted at Ashfield, and the peddlers are sent about with vast quantities. Cologne-water is among the essences manufactured, though the bottles have foreign labels on them. The peddler was good-natured and communicative, and spoke very frankly about his trade, which he seemed to like better than farming, though his experience of it is yet brief. He spoke of the trials of temper to which peddlers are subjected, but said that it was necessary to be forbearing, because the same road must be travelled again and again. The peddlers find satisfaction for all contumelies in making good bargains out of their customers. This man was a peddler in quite a small way, making but a narrow circuit, and carrying no more than an open basket full of essences; but some go ont with wagon-loads. He himself contemplated a trip westward, in which case he would send on quantities of his wares ahead to different stations. He seemed to enjoy the intercourse and seeing of the world. He pointed out a rough place in the road, where his stock of essences had formerly been broken by a jolt of the stage. What a waste of sweet smells on the desert air! The essence labels stated the efficacy of the stuffs for various complaints of children and grown people. The driver was an acquaintance of the peddler, and so gave him his drive for nothing, though the peddler pretended to wish to force some silver into his hand; and afterwards he got down to water his horses, while the driver was busied with other matters. This driver was a little, dark ragamuffin, apparently of irascible temper, speaking with great disapprobation of his way-bill not being *timed* accurately, but so as to make it appear as if he were longer upon the road than he was. As he spoke the blood darkened in his cheek, and his eye looked ominous and angry, as if he were enraged with the person to whom he was speaking; yet he had not real grit, for he had never said a word of his grievances to those concerned. "I mean to tell them of it by and by. I won't bear it more than three or four times more," said he.—*Hawthorne's Note Books.*

BALLOONING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

Mons. A. Chevalier, the Swiss aeronaut, who proposes to make a balloon voyage across the Atlantic to Europe, arrived in this country a fortnight ago. He is quite young—only about thirty—but has had an enlarged experience as a balloonist during the past twelve years. He has spent a fortune on flying machines—his latest invention being a steam one, described as being "constructed after the model of a bird—very long wing-like sails project from either side of the iron body of the ship, a fan-like 'arrangement' at the stern stands in the place of the tail of the bird and serves its purpose in raising or depressing the machine in its course through the air." The worst feature of this machine was its persistent refusal to ascend. By the common mode of ballooning Chevalier has made hundreds of ascents in every country in Europe and in Australia. Once he sailed in his balloon from Paris beyond the boundaries of Russia. On another occasion he crossed the St. George's Channel from Dublin into England. In one of his trips he made the extraordinary flight of seven hundred miles in four hours.

In another ascent, made just before coming to this country, he was driven forty-five miles in an hour. His trans-Atlantic trip from New York he undertakes partly for the great effect it will have on his "business" on the other side of the water, and not less to determine the existence of a continuous "belt" of westerly currents which the philosophers say must exist at the height of 8,000 to 10,000 feet above the surface of the earth. M. Chevalier has brought with him in complete readiness, the balloon in which he proposes to make his perilous journey. It is of a peculiar shape, and of these dimensions; 92 feet in height, 150 feet in diameter; capacity for gas, 125,000 cubic feet. The car, being made made of bamboo, and in the shape of a house, resembles a long bamboo hut, and will probably accommodate as many passengers as will desire to go upon a voyage. M. Chevalier is desirous of making a start at as early a date as possible and, at all events, before the return of warm weather. His reason for this is that the balloon would suffer a dangerous loss of gas by expansion in the heat of the warm sun. Chevalier has shown scientific men that he is not a mere showman; has interested them in his undertaking, and will proceed to perfect the preparations for his interesting and unprecedeuted voyage under propitious circumstances.

DAN'S DINNER.

BY L. M. ALCOTT.

Dan is a watch-dog in an iron foundry, and is always fed by his master at one o'clock. Dan knows the time, and is as punctual as the clock, waiting in the appointed place with an air of calm satisfaction delightful to behold. The other day, his master came in with the meat, but was called away at the instant; and, as it was not quite time, he hung it up on a nail, meaning to return directly. Dan didn't like that arrangement; but sat down and waited, with a resigned expression, both funny and pathetic.

The clock struck, but no one came; and Dan barked, to remind his master that dinner waited. Master didn't hear; and there hung the delicious meat, just out of reach, in the most tantalizing manner. Dan bore it as long as he could; thought over his wrongs; and growled his opinion, that it was a mean shame to keep a hard-working fellow waiting when he was ravenously hungry. Presently, he made up his mind that he wouldn't bear it. He had a right to that meat, and he would have it, in spite of other people's neglect. Up he jumped, took a good look, gave a spring, and—didn't get it. Over and over he tried, growing excited as he leaped up and bounced down, each time getting just one momentary sniff, as he snapped and missed.

One of the workmen, attracted by the noise, peeped in at a window behind him, and enjoyed the fun, wondering when Dan would give up. But Dan had no thoughts of giving up, for "*Nil-desperandum*" was his motto; so, he jumped and pawed and snatched till he was exhausted, then sat down to consider the matter.

Being a sensible dog, he soon had a bright idea, and astonished the watcher by dragging and pushing, with teeth and head, a chair to the wall, just under the meat. Having fixed it to his mind, he stepped into it, reached up, and with a long pull, and a strong pull and a pull all together, brought down the meat. He surveyed it with an air of pride, as well he might, after such a struggle for it, and then devoured it with a relish which hunger and hard work always give to one's meals; while the man went away to tell the story, and glorify sensible old Dan.—*Merry's Museum.*

THE CHILD ANGEL.

Little tongues that chatter, chatter—
Little feet that patter, patter
With a ceaseless motion all the day—
Little eyes that softly lighten—
Little cheeks that flush and brighten—
Little voices singing at their play—

In my memory awaken
Thoughts of one who has been taken—
Of a little heart that beats no more—
Of a little voice that's ringing,
'Mid the angels sweetly singing,
Songs of gladness on a distant shore.

—*Chambers' Journal.*

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMY.

But in the very pursuit of saving there must be a hundred harmless delights and pleasures which we who are careless necessarily forego. What do you know about the natural history of your household? Upon your honor and conscience, do you know the price of a pound of butter? Can you say what sugar costs, and how much your family consumes and ought to consume? How much lard do you use in your house? As I think on these subjects I own I hang down the head of shame. I suppose for a moment that you who are reading this, are a middle-aged gentleman, and paterfamilias. Can you answer the above questions? You know, sir, you cannot. Now turn round, lay down the book, and suddenly ask Mrs. Jones and your daughters if *they* can answer? They cannot. They look at one another. They pretend they can answer. They can tell you the plot and the principal characters in the last novel. Some of them know something about history, geology, etc. But of the natural history of home—*Nichts*, and for shame on you all! *Honnis soyez!* For shame on you! for shame on us!

In the early morning I hear a sort of call or *jodel* under my window: and know 'tis the matutinal milkman leaving his can at my gate. Oh, household gods have I lived all these years and don't know the price or the quality of the milk which is delivered in that can? Why don't I know? As I live, if I live till to-morrow morning, as soon as I hear the call of Lactantius, I will dash out upon him. How many cows? How much milk, on an average, all the year round? What rent? What cost of food and dairy servants? What loss of animals, and average cost of purchase? If I interested myself properly about my pint (or hogshead, whatever it be) of milk, all this knowledge would ensue; all this additional interest in life. What is this talk of my friend, Mr. Lewes, about objects at the sea-side, and so forth? Objects at the sea-side? Objects at the area-bell; objects before my nose; objects which the butcher brings me in his tray; which the cook dresses and puts down before me, and over which I say grace! My daily life is surrounded with objects which ought to interest me. The pudding on my plate, the egg that made it, the fire that cooked it, the table-cloth on which it is laid, and so forth—are each and all of these objects a knowledge of which I may acquire—a knowledge of the cost and production of which I might advantageously learn? To the man who *does* know these things, I say the interest of life is prodigiously increased. The milkman becomes a study to him; the baker a being he curiously and tenderly examines. Go, Lewes, and clap a hideous sea-anemone into a glass: I will put a cabman under mine, and make a vivisection of a butcher. Oh, Lares, Penates, and gentle household gods, teach me to sympathize with all that comes within my doors! Give me an interest in the buther's book. Let me look forward to the ensuing number of the grocer's account with eagerness. It seems ungrateful to my kitchen chimney not to know the cost of sweeping it; and I trust that many a man who reads this, and muses on it, will feel like the writer, ashamed of himself, and hang down his head humbly.—*Thackeray.*

Cork.—It may not be generally known that cork is not indigenous, but is the soft, elastic bark of a species of oak that grows abundantly in the southern part of France, Spain, and Italy. When the tree is fifteen years old the barking is commenced, and is repeated at intervals of eight years, the bark improving with every operation. The cork is stripped from the tree in July and August; it is then piled up in water under heavy stones to flatten it, after which it is fire-dried and packed in bales for exportation. The cork-cutters divide the sheets of cork in narrow strips, and after cutting them the proper length round them with a thin, sharp-bladed knife into a cylindrical form. Spanish black is prepared from the burned parings of cork; and suberic acid is obtained from it by the long-continued action of nitric acid. The cork-tree and the uses of its bark were known to the Greeks and Romans.—*Harper's Bazar.*

"THY KINGDOM COME."

Now, in the heat and burden of the day,
Father, 't were faithless of thy child to pray:
That thou should'st call me to Thyself away,
Nay, rather I will kneel, and kneeling, say,
Father—"Thy will be done."

Yet the work presses, and the hands hang down,
And in much weeping is the good seed sown;
Oh! for the harvest and the bringing home,
Oh! for the Master's Presence with his own,
Father—"Thy Kingdom come."

THE VALUE OF HEALTH.

The young man walks in the midst of temptation to appetite, the improper indulgence of which is in danger of proving his ruin. Health, longevity, and virtue depend on his resisting those temptations. The Providence of God is no more responsible because a man by improper indulgence, becomes subject to disease, than for the picking of his pockets. For a young man to injure his health, is to waste his patrimony and destroy his capacity for virtuous deeds.

Should a man love God, he will have ten times the strength for the exercise of it, with a sound body. Not only the amount, but the quality of a man's labor depends on his health. The production of the poet, the man of science, or the orator must be affected by his health. Not only lying lips, but a dyspeptic stomach, is an abomination to the Lord. The man who neglects to control his appetite, is to himself what a state of barbarism is to society,—the brutish part predominates.

If young men imagine that the gratification of the appetite is the great source of enjoyment, they will find this in the highest degree with industry and temperance. The epicure, who seeks it in a dinner which costs five dollars, will find less enjoyment of appetite than the laborer who dines on a shilling. If the devotee of appetite desires its highest gratification, he must not send for buffalo tongues, but climb a mountain or swing an axe. Without health there is no delicacy which can provoke an appetite. Whoever destroys his health, turns the most delicious viands into aloes. The man that is physically wicked does not live out half his days, and he is not half alive while he does live. However gracious God may be with the heart, he never pardons the stomach.—*Horace Mann.*

Imitation Marble.—It can not be gainsaid that a quality of imitation-marble, or "Hellenenstein," as it is sometimes called by the Germans, is now being produced in the arts, which, in comparison to native marble, comes up very nearly to the highest point in the way of perfection. Indeed, in the old Roman times the most beautiful structures were ornamented in their interior parts with pieces of marble which consisted commonly of sand, lime, and gypsum, and which even yet exist. But in order the more to perfect this art, it was necessary that one of the many secrets of nature should be won from her keeping. Some two years ago a manufacturer in Cassel, of the name of Thiel, succeeded in producing an artificial stone, known under the above name, which is said to exceed in its excellences any that have been made heretofore. It is prepared by means of chemico-physical methods, which are known only to the discoverer and a few manufacturers. The writer of an article in the *Polytechnishes Notizblatt*, to whom we are indebted for these facts, states that in one manufactory large four-cornered slabs are made, having a length of ten feet, width of five fett, and a thickness of one foot. After one day of drying, under the influence of an ordinary temperature, these slabs are cut into smaller ones, out of which plates or slabs for the tops of wash-stands, tables, mantels, etc., are manufactured. But above all else, however, this material is adapted to building and decorative purposes. It is stated, moreover, that the castle in Brunswick, Germany, which was very much injured by fire not long ago, is to be ornamented with this imitation marble, as also the new music hall in Hamburg. Besides these uses, very tasteful mosaic work can be made from it. This is done by first sketching the figures upon the stone; they are next neatly cut with fine instruments, and then, finally filled in again with the same artificial mass of the desired shades of color. The surface is then polished as though it were native marble, until it has taken on a perfect luster.—*Manufacturer and Builder.*

UNDER THE SNOW-DRIFTS.

BY HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

Under the snow-drifts the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Thrills from the throstle's wild summer-sung tune.

Under the snow-drifts what blossoms are sleeping,
Never to waken with sunshine or June!
Do they dream dreams of the eyes that are weeping—
Under the snow-drifts—by midnight and noon?

There are now recognized in the solar system one hundred and fourteen primary planets, of which one hundred and eight have been discovered since the year 1780. In 1781, Sir William Herschel broke through the "flaming walls" of the astronomic universe as they were known to antiquity, and brought Uranus within the lines of our planetary household. Since that time astronomers have pushed their explorations with unwearied industry over the boundless spaces, and have been constantly rewarded for their exertions by new discoveries. According to the latest astronomical authorities, twenty-three of the one hundred and seven planets have been discovered by Americans, and nine of them by Prof. Watson, at Ann Arbor, Mich.

When the heart is pure, there is hardly any thing which can mislead the understanding in matters of immediate personal concernment.

Unjust riches curse the owner in getting, in keeping, and in transmitting. They curse his children in their father's memory.

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